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THE FORMER SERIES CONTAINED THREE VOLUMES
AND THIRTY ONE NUMBERS.—WHOLE NO. 202.

[From the Literary Garland.] THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY M. A. M.

(These lines were written at a time when the writer was about to leave her birth-place, with a heart crushed by recent calamity and sorrow—be this the apology for their melancholy, and for that hopelessness, so unusual in youth.)

Sweet Sabbath bell! thou hast rung on
Unchanged through many a year,
Though they who heard thine earliest peal
Can now no longer hear.
Full many a change hath pass'd o'er all
The little world around,
Since first the echoes of the dell
Responded to thy sound.

I heard thy soft and solemn voice
Upon the evening air,
When erst a simple child I roved,
Unknowing aught of care.
I thought thy tones were very sweet,
But yet they were not then
Linked with the memories of the past,
And histories of men.

Yet, even then I loved to note
Thy voice upon the breeze,
And see thy taper form arise
From out the churchyard trees,
When 'mid my playmates glad and free,
Thy "ding-dong" met mine ear,
I ever paused amid my sport,
That soothing sound to hear.

I heard thee in more recent days,
When girlhood's bright romance
Enveloped me in its shadowy veil,
Its soft and dreamy trance.
I heard thee—and the thrilling tone
Awakened Hope's fair dreams,
And all the darksome scene around
Was gilded with her beams.

I hear thee now, when every peal
Bears record of the past,
Of buoyant hopes and sunny hours,
All far too bright to last.
I hear thee now when time has damp'd
The hopes of earlier youth,
And cold experience shown the world
In all its chilling truth.

Aye! e'en thine own bells are chang'd;
I mind me well the time,
When far from other dwelling-place
Was heard thy warning chime.
It was an ancient burial-ground,
A ruin dark and lone,
A simple fabric which decay
Had branded as her own.

They 'reft thee of thy home of years—
They razed it to the ground—
When next we heard thee, it was where
The forest waved around.
Amid the tall ancestral wood
We whistled saw thee placed,
When a stately modern edifice
Our simple village graced.

Age after age hath passed away
Since thou wert hung on high,
And still thou had'st a sad farewell
To each as it flew by.
To thousands of the sons of earth
A requiem hast thou rung
To th' aged and the worn of heart,
Aye! and the gay and young.

And now thy voice is full of woe,
Since thou hast rung the knell
Of those whose mem'ry rests enshrined
Within thy heart's deep cell.
I would that thou might'st ring mine own,
And that I too might rest
Beneath the quiet churchyard trees,
With those who loved me best.

But yet a little while, old bell!
And I, too, shall have gone
Where I can hear thy voice no more,
Yet wilt thou still ring on.
As sweetly wilt thou fall upon
The youthful poet's ear,
And as surely unto him become
A record sad though dear.

And I may roam long weary years,
Beneath a foreign sky,
Unknown, unloving and unloved,
Yet here I fain would die!
Here, where my name perchance may wake
The retrospective sigh,
And kindred hand may strew with flow'rs
The green grave where I lie!

[From the Boston Journal.] INCIDENTS OF A WHALING CRUISE.

BY FRANCIS FINNACK.

The Missing Whale-boat—An Extraordinary Case of Hypnotism.

While in command of the good ship *Trumpet*, of N—, in May of 1838, and cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, we fell in with the ship *Clito* of New London, one pleasant day—and soon after a shoal of sperm whales appeared in sight. Boats were lowered, manned and off in pursuit—and before night more than one of those large monsters of the briny deep, were safely made fast alongside of our two ships. The next day was busily spent "cutting in" and boiling, until about half an hour before sundown, when a shoal of black-fish suddenly made their appearance within three hundred fathoms of our ship, then lying under double reefed topsails. The mates desiring the privilege of lowering the boats "for a little sport among the black fish," I readily consented, and down went the boats again; the first mate, Mr. Melvin, and the second mate, Mr. Churchill, each taking charge of his own boat. Watching their motions from the deck, I saw Mr. Churchill strike a black-fish almost immediately, and also that Mr. Melvin was in close pursuit of another fish, when night coming on, I could no longer note their operations. An hour, however, had hardly passed, when voices were heard in the distance—and through the darkness a boat was soon seen approaching our quarter, which proved to be the boat of the second mate, with a black-fish in tow; and immediately he called out, and asked Mr. Churchill if he had seen the first mate's boat. He stated in reply, that he had seen Mr. Melvin strike a black-fish about an hour before, at no great distance from the ship, and after cutting a hole in the fish, and made fast to him, he had commenced pulling away for the ship. We hoisted in the fish immediately, and Mr. Churchill was ordered to pull dock, I saw Mr. Churchill return without having seen the boat, and satisfied that further search was useless—he being confident that the boat had gone down with all her crew. But I ordered away the second mate again on another exploring expedition, in spite of his confident opinion that his turn had now come to be first mate; all the remaining boats were also lowered—lights set in each—and the boats were ordered to pull out in different directions in the vicinity of the place where Mr. Melvin was last seen, and also to shout and blow the tin trumpets, with which the boats are provided for such emergencies as fogs or darkness, &c., as a signal to the missing boat.

My apprehensions were now extreme, for although the sea was so smooth with the light trade winds gently blowing, that no fear of harm to the boat from the roughness of the winds or waves, existed; yet I was fully aware of the fact that no light was exhibited, or any sound from the missing boat heard, that some serious evil had been encountered. Perhaps the missing boat had been stove by a whale; in which case doubtless every person on board had perished. I seemed to hear

"—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

and the gloomy vision rose before me of forms and faces, familiar to me as my own, slowly sinking with struggling agony, and the last hopeless glances of despair, beneath the insatiable, foaming, devouring brine! I said that my impressions of the certainty of such a calamity, arose from the fact that no light was exhibited in any direction by the missing boat. Now in the whaling service, each boat is invariably furnished with a water-tight "lantern-keg," containing a lantern, tinder box and matches, sperm candles, and some small items of provision, securely hooped and stowed away in the stern sheets; and imperative orders are given to show a light, if detained after dark. Each boat, also, as already remarked, is provided with a horn, to be used in case of fog and darkness. Of course, if the boat was still afloat, and needed assistance, it must be presumed that a light would be exhibited, and the horn blown to direct us to the spot where she lay. My meditations and anxious reflections were soon interrupted, however, by the return of Mr. Churchill a second time, with still stronger representations that further search would, in his opinion, be entirely futile; the crews of the other boats, less heartless, and unwilling to give up the quest as long as a chance remained, continued still the pursuit, and the second mate was required, "volens volens," to join them.

Tar-barrels were now procured, filled with oakum and "shakings," and placed on the top of the "try-works," and set on fire. We now, also, filled away the yards, and continued through the night to make short tacks, cruising around in the direction where the boat was last seen. The ship's bell was rung at short intervals during the whole night, and the boats continued perseveringly their unavailing search—but in vain. We bore up for the *Clito* early in the night, and communicated the source of our anxiety to that ship—and at our request, she also lighted tar-barrels, and sent out her boats in search during the rest of the night.

With hourly increasing anxiety, I paced the deck until the approach of day. The first break of dawn found me at the mast-head with my spy-glass in my hand. With trembling anxiety, I swept the whole horizon, and could discern nothing, save the *Clito* and the boats belonging to the two ships, returning home—but without a particle of intelligence in relation to the missing wanderer. At this sad prospect, I almost sank down in despair—but, by a desperate effort, summoning all my energy and straining my eyes beyond their natural powers, I again commenced sweeping the horizon with my glass—and the increasing light now favoured my search—and my joy may be conceived, when, far off on the lee bow, a dark object was faintly discernible,—and as soon as the sun made its appearance above the horizon, I discovered six men seated apparently on the surface of the water, no boat being visible!

At this announcement, a shout of joy rang through the ship, and our hearts were relieved of a heavy load. As all our boats were now hoisted up, and the wind was fair, we squared away the yards, and steered directly towards our unfortunate shipmates. After running about half an hour, we rounded to, and sent a boat to the rescue of the unhappy sufferers. And another boat was despatched to tow home the wreck.

The first boat, after taking the suffering boat's crew on

board, speedily returned with them to the ship. And when the poor lost men, pale, weary and faint, came over the ship's side, a scene ensued which I can never forget. Mr. Melvin, my first mate, as noble, whole-hearted a fellow as ever trod a ship's deck, was a universal favourite; and the change from terrific apprehension to the most perfect security and safety, was too much for us all. Tears flowed freely. The remembrance of that hour—oh! it will long abide! Sailors—rough, hardy, as we were, and unused to the melting mood—we actually wept; perhaps, for the first time, we experienced the relief of tears. Mr. Melvin still lives, pursuing, as Captain of a fine ship, his perilous profession—noble, generous and humane—a capital specimen of the fraternity of Friends. May Heaven's blessings ever attend him!

After fully gratifying our inquiries, and taking some slight refreshment, the suffering boat's crew were despatched below, to obtain the rest which they so much needed. We soon after tacked ship to the Northward, and parting company with the *Clito*, commenced cruising for whales again.

The adventures of that night remain to be told. Mr. Melvin had harpooned a black fish, and having made fast to him, was proceeding merrily with him in tow to the ship, when another black-fish suddenly coming up beneath the boat, stove her bottom in instantly. With his hatchet the bow oarsman instantly cut the tow line, and the fish in tow disappeared at once beneath the wave. Fortunately the boat did not at the moment capsize, and the oars were immediately made fast against the gunwales with lanyards rove there for this very purpose, viz: to secure the boat from capsizing in case of a similar accident.

As soon as this was accomplished, it being now nearly dark, in compliance with orders and for their own safety, they proceeded to strike a light. The boat-steerer taking the lantern keg from the stern sheets, carefully knocked off a hoop or two with the hatchet, and gave a bunch of candles to Lorenzo to hold, with the injunction to be careful not to lose them. But while striking fire, the tinder-box and matches dropped from his knees into the water, which of course now filled the boat. Thus every hope of a light expired.

As might perhaps be expected, the crew of the missing boat, though unseen and unheard from the ship, had the ship in full view all night, and could at times even distinguish the men on board, much to their encouragement and hope of speedy relief. The sound of the ship's bell was frequently heard, and even the voices from the boats were distinctly audible, while the utmost and united exertions of the crew to draw attention to themselves by shouting at the very top of their lungs, were of no avail!

It deserves to be remarked, that the men became very sleepy and wished to lie down in the water, of course to their immediate destruction. Indeed, it was only with the utmost difficulty that the mate, whose energy during that dreadful night never failed him, succeeded in keeping them awake, although a large shark, in length nearly equal to the boat, kept company by their side all night; and a smaller shark actually attempted to spring in over the gunwale among them, and was repelled by knives and other cutting instruments.

Under all the circumstances their anxiety must have been extreme, and about midnight, until the ship's head was directed towards them. This obvious intimation of relief at hand dispelled their anxiety, and fear gave place at once to unbounded joy.

SONNET

To the Memory of Dr. James Haskins.
BY MRS. MOODIE.

Neglected one of Genius! thou hast pass'd,
In broken-hearted loneliness away;
And one who prized thy talents fair would cast
The cypress wreath above thy mould'ring clay.
Ah! could she yet thy spirit's flight delay,
'Till the cold world, relenting from its scorn,
The fearless laurel round thy brow should bind,
Crowning the innate majesty of mind,
By crushing poverty and sorrow torn!
Peace to thy nameless ashes—till revive
Bright memories of thee in deathless song.
True to the dead, Time shall relenting give
The meed of Fame deserv'd—delay'd too long;
And in immortal verse the bard again shall live!

Dr. James Haskins, late of Frankfort, on the River Trent, was a learned and accomplished man of genius. Like too many of that highly gifted, but unhappy fraternity, he struggled through his brief life with the most depressing and heart-crushing cares. The neglect and want of sympathy which he experienced from persons of his own class, pressed sorely upon the sensitive man of talent and refinement. A new country, where all are rushing forward to secure wealth and independence, is not a favourable soil to nourish the bright fancies and delusive dreams of the poet; and Dr. Haskins found few who could understand or appreciate his literary tastes and pursuits. Disappointment and disgust were the natural consequences arising out of those untoward circumstances. His mind was not cast in that iron mould, which enables the possessor to meet and combat successfully with the ills of life. He endured proudly and firmly the evils of his situation; but he failed in surmounting them, and untimely drooped and died, as too many like him have died, heart-broken and alone. Of the last days of the poet, little is known.

Could the many fine poems which he wrote in his solitary exile, be collected and published, we feel assured that posterity would do him justice; that his name would rank high among the bards of the Green Isle. In him, was sadly verified the beautiful lines of our English Sappho, whose cad, like his own, was involved in loneliness and mystery:

"Fame may pour her sunlight on the picture
When the artist's hand is mouldering in the dust
And fling the laurel wreath upon a harp,
Whose chords are mute forever!"

(From the Boston Journal, Feb. 21.)

THE WRECK OF THE JOHN MINTURN.

We have already chronicled the shipwreck of the New Orleans packet ship *John Minturn*, on the coast of New Jersey during the fearful gale of Saturday night last. The following particulars of that melancholy disaster, is copied from the N. Y. Courier, being derived from one of the crew who was saved—an intelligent sailor named *Samson King*:

"The ship received a pilot on board on Saturday afternoon, and went ashore on Sunday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, in the very height of the storm. She struck with tremendous violence, and as the waves raised her up a second time, she broke in two, but did not entirely separate. The confusion at the moment of striking was terrible, but the worst was known, every effort was made to do whatever could be performed under the circumstances, for the preservation of the lives of those on board, numbering in all fifty-one souls, including five cabin and twenty steerage passengers. The masts were cut away to ease her, but with very little effect, as she continued to thump and grind terribly. The yawl boat was then cut loose from the stern davits, but the surf ran so high, before she could be got around, she swamped, and was rendered useless.

The Captain, with his wife, son, daughter, and servant, together with the cabin passengers, took refuge in the poop cabin, the only place where they could be sheltered from the violence of the sea, which was pouring over them. By great exertions, the long boat was cast adrift, and launched over the bows, all of the head rigging having been previously cut away, so that it should not interfere with getting her off. Five of the crew, and one of the steerage passengers, a Portuguese, sprang into her, and a long coil of line was stowed in the stern sheets, by which it was intended to carry a hawser to the shore, and she shoved off. When near the shore the under-tow was so strong, it was found impossible to carry the line further, and those in the boat were forced either to cut it, or return to the ill-fated ship. They chose the latter course, and landed in safety, having cut off the only chance of saving those on board the wreck. In this situation they remained, exposed to the violence of the sea and the cold, which was intense, for ice formed as fast as their clothes were wet. Towards noon, all on board who were alive, for some had already sunk under their terrible sufferings, went forward to the top-gallant forecastle, where they huddled themselves as they best could, to prevent the sea from washing them off. Captain Stark and his mate, together with the pilot, remained, it is thought, in the poop cabin, and about noon, the vessel broke entirely in two amidships, the after part drifting away, and they were drowned.

All this time the vessel was so near the shore, that had any effort whatever been made, by procuring a boat, every soul on board might have been saved, but it was not until the vessel had broken in two, that any attempt was made to reach the vessel by those on land. The top-gallant forecastle, was crowded with the passengers and crew, among them Mrs. Stark, with her son, a fine manly boy of 12 or 14 years of age, who had behaved throughout with a coolness and courage far beyond his years, her daughter, the female servant, and Mrs. Forbes, the wife of Mr. Forbes, one of the cabin passengers. In the early part of the day, while struggling to get forward, Mrs. Stark was thrown down by a water cask which had broken adrift, and one side of her face was entirely laid open, but she uttered no murmurs or complaint, seeming anxious only for the safety of her husband and beloved children. In the afternoon the forecastle broke in two fore and aft, and about half of those lashed to it were precipitated into the wreck beneath, where they met an instantaneous death. Of the remainder, no one was saved alive, all having perished from the combined effects of the cold, and the sea pouring over them.

Fifteen of the unhappy sufferers, including the captain's wife and children, and a female steerage passenger, with an infant, were clustered around the stump of the foremast exposed for nearly twelve hours to all the fury of the storm, and ten of these died there before any attempt was made to rescue them. Mrs. Stark, about five minutes before she breathed her last, turned to King, the sailor, and begged him to save her husband and children, but they had all gone before her. The female steerage passenger who had an infant at the breast, died in King's arms; and when her body was found on Tuesday, her infant was so closely clasped to her breast, it was found impossible to separate them, and they were thus buried.

Between 10 and 11 at night, a boat came from the shore and took off the survivors, viz: the second mate, two of the crew and four of the steerage passengers, who had lived through that awful scene, making thirteen only saved, out of fifty-one.

When the ship first struck, she was not more than three lengths from the beach; and as the cargo was washed out of her, she was driven further on, until at length she was so close, that a strong man, unnumbed by the cold could readily have swung himself, by a small effort, to the beach. In this position, the entire day was passed, and no effort was made to save one of them, the boat, as we have said not being brought until near 11 at night.

The ship has gone to pieces—nothing remaining of her except the bottom, which is embedded in the sand by the weight of the pig lead which formed part of the cargo. One of the sides and the stern and bow have drifted away, and are lying about a mile apart from each other.

On board this ill-fated vessel were Captain Babcock and mate, of the schooner *Van Buren*, which was wrecked at Galveston Bar, both of whom were drowned. Thirty-one bodies have been removed, two of whom were supposed to have been the Captain and mate of the barque *Lotty*, and among them were the wife and children of Captain Stark. The bodies of Capt. Stark and the pilot have not yet been found. Many of them were found lashed to the forecastle of the *John Minturn* when it drifted on shore, and twenty-three are now lying in a tavern near the wreck, where they will be kept until they may possibly be recognised.

We have endeavoured to procure the names of the unfortunate persons who were drowned, but owing to the confusion at the scene, it was found impossible. Capt. S. W. Thompson, an agent for the underwriters, is at the beach to take charge of such property as may be washed ashore, as well as the bodies of those not yet recovered."